LEO BURNETT COMPANY, *Inc.*
Ad No. 1600—Req. No. 20680—26 in.—B&W—2 cols. x 17 in.—College Newspapers, Week of March 25, 1963 (B)
Printed in U.S.A.

2061033996

HOW TO GET EDUCATED ALTHOUGH ATTENDING COLLEGE

In your quest for a college degree, are you becoming a narrow specialist, or are you being educated in the broad, classical sense of the word?

This question is being asked today by many serious observers—including my barber, my roofer, and my little dog Spot—and it would be well to seek an answer.

Are we becoming experts only in the confined area of our majors, or does our knowledge range far and wide? Do we, for example, know who fought in the Battle of Jenkins' Ear, or Kant's epistemology, or Planck's constant, or Valsalva's maneuver, or what Wordsworth was doing ten miles above Tintern Abbey?

If we do not, we are turning, alas, into specialists. How then can we broaden our vistas, lengthen our horizons—become, in short, educated?

Well sir, the first thing we must do is throw away our curricula. Tomorrow, instead of going to the same old classes, let us try something new. Let us not think of college as a rigid discipline, but as a kind of vast academic smorgasbord, with all kinds of tempting intellectual tidbits to savor. Let's start *sampling tomorrow.*

We will begin the day with a stimulating seminar in Hittite artifacts. Then we will go over to marine biology and spend a happy hour with the sea slugs. Then we will open our pores by drilling a spell with the ROTC. Then we'll go over to journalism and tear out the front page. Then we'll go to the medical school and autograph some casts. Then we'll go to home economics and have lunch.

And between classes we'll smoke Marlboro Cigarettes. This, let me emphasize, is not an added fillip to the broadening of *our education. This is an essential. To learn to live fully and* well is an important part of education, and Marlboros are an important part of living fully and well. What a sense of completeness you will get from Marlboro's fine tobaccos, from Marlboro's pure filter! What flavor Marlboro delivers! Through that immaculate filter comes flavor in full measure, flavor without stint *or compromise, flavor that wrinkled sage derides,* flavor holding both its sides. This triumph of the tobacconist's art comes to you in soft pack or Flip-Top box and can be lighted with match, lighter, candle, Welsbach mantle, or by rubbing two small Indians together.

When we have embarked on this new regimen—or, more *accurately, lack of regimen—we will soon be cultured as all* get out. When strangers accost us on the street and say, "What was Wordsworth doing ten miles above Tintern Abbey, hey?" we will no longer slink away in silent abashment. We will reply loud and clear:

"As any truly educated person knows, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats used to go to the Widdicombe Fair every year for the poetry-writing contests and three-legged races, both of which they enjoyed tyrically. Well sir, imagine their chagrin when they arrived at the Fair in 1776 and learned that Oliver Cromwell, uneasy because Guy Fawkes had just invented the spinning jenny, had cancelled all public gatherings, including *the Widdicombe Fair and Liverpool. Shelley was so upset* that he drowned himself in a butt of malmsey. Keats went to London and became Charlotte Bronte. Wordsworth ran blindly into the forest until he collapsed in a heap ten miles above Tintern Abbey. There he lay for several years, sobbing and kicking his little fat legs. At length, peace returned to him. He looked around, noted the beauty of the forest, and was so moved that he wrote Joyce Kilmer's immortal *Trees* . . . And that, smart-apple, is what Wordsworth was doing ten miles above Tintern Abbey."

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Poets and peasants, students and teachers, ladies and gentlemen—all know you get a lot to like in a Marlboro—available wherever cigarettes are sold in all 50 States.

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